

01183



# HARVEY KURTZMAN'S FAST-ACTING

35-

# HELP!

Don't reach for that pill! Sit still and go crazy with the best cartoons, photos and satire from America's zaniest humor magazine



**HARVEY KURTZMAN'S**

**~~FAST-ACTING~~**

**HELP!**

**HELP! GUARANTEED MORE HABIT-FORMING  
THAN ANY OTHER FAST-ADDICTING DRUG**

For fast, fast, fast relief from blues, boredom and banality, here is a collection of uncensored impudence culled from the crazy pages of **HELP!**, the star satire magazine.

Created by Harvey Kurtzman, the man who brought satire to the man in the street and elevated the comic strip to an art form, **HELP!** pokes thinking man's fun at practically everyone—from Kennedy to Castro, from Tarzan to Tonto, from the typing pool to the status seeker. **HELP!** milks all manner of sacred cows, kids the pants off movies, TV, pretty girls, Broadway producers, big business, and gives the final proof that levity is the soul of wit.

This book is dedicated to:

Tony Ahearn	Jackie Gleason	Tony Palladino
Chuck Alverson	Norm Glovsky	Shirley Peterson
Orson Bean	Boh Grossman	Tom Poston
Burt Bernstein	Ron Harris	Roger Price
Boh Blochman	Marc Hiesler	Larry Richman
Ray Bradbury	Bill Helmer	Ron Rojas
Algis Budrys	Mimi Hines	Mike Rokoff
Knox Burger	Art Hyde	Arnold Roth
Sid Caesar	Phil Interlandi	Mort Sahl
Nona Candler	Frank Interlandi	Stewart Schwartzberg
Jack Carter	Al Jaffee	Rod Serling
Harry Chester	Will Jordan	Jack Severin
Paul Coker	Milt Kamen	David Shaber
Jack Davis	Jan Kindler	Jean Shepherd
Peter de Vries	George Kirgo	Robert Sheckley
Hugh Downs	Ernie Kovacs	Shel Silverstein
Jim Durst	Nancy Kovack	Bernie Shir-Cliff
Don Edwing	Bruce Krefling	Gloria Steinem
Will Eisner	Jerry Lewis	Dick Van Dyke
Will Elder	Jane Mason	Roy Walters
Don Ellefson	Laurie Mathews	Don Watson
Robert Elliot	Gerry Matthews	Richard Weckler
Ed Fisher	Harry McDonnell	Don Wheeler
Phil Ford	Paul Merta	Barbara Wilkin
Stan Freberg	Robert Mertz	Max Williams
John G. Fuller	Sylvia Miles	Mary Louise Wilson
Gerry Gardner	Ron Miller	Gahan Wilson
Dave Garroway	Bill Murphy	Jonathan Winters
Bill Gelband	Jerry Nachman	Jack Wohl
Woody Gelman	Dawn Nickerson	
Paul Glaser	Dean Norman	

Who all helped HELP!



## INTRODUCTION

I think it was Sam Goldwyn who, when giving an opinion on "message" movies said the following immortal words: "You want to send a message—call Western Union." While I have kept this deathless axiom posted in front of me on my huletin board in Da-Glo, I secretly like to think I've been that foolish as not to have subscribed to Mr. Goldwyn's advice 100%. This collection of 160 pages of foolishness is chock filled with sneaky messages and represents a year of HELP! from which we have skimmed the cream of HELP!'s photos and cartoons for you and here's what we've got.

For those of you who remember MAD Magazine in 1952, you will find here the cartoons of Davis and Elder who helped me to shape the original Mad format.





You will also see the cartoons of Ed Fisher, one of America's finest cartoon satirists. You will see Coker, Murphy, Wilson, Thaler . . . all excellent cartoonists, current. And we also have great cartoonists past, like Kley and Leonnee.

You'll find Wohl's Wohlnuts.

You'll find Milt Kamen and Dick Van Dyke acting in our posed picture "fumettis." This exclusive picture-story technique is one we borrowed from Italy where *fumettis* (puffs of smoke) have been wildly popular for years. . . .

And you will find a careful compendium of captioned stock shots painstakingly garnered from vast collections of Hollywood stills, Broadway photos, publicity shots, and the wire photo services of UPI and AP.

And if we tried to tell you what we've included from the year of HELP! you should see what we didn't have room for.

As I said in my opening, this is a collection of the kind of humor that has foolishly concerned itself with messages. We have tried to be funny too and if while you are reading, you are *laughing* while you are reading and you are *thinking* while you are reading, this little collection will have served its purpose.

—Harvey Kurtzman  
September 1961



# HARVEY KURTZMAN'S ~~FAST~~ ~~ACTING~~ HELP!

A GOLD MEDAL BOOK  
From HELP! Magazine  
which is edited by  
Harvey Kurtzman  
and published by  
James Warren

GOLD MEDAL BOOKS  
FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS, INC.,  
GREENWICH, CONN.

MEMBER OF AMERICAN BOOK PUBLISHERS COUNCIL, INC.

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Second printing February 1962

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is purely incidental.

Printed in the United States of America

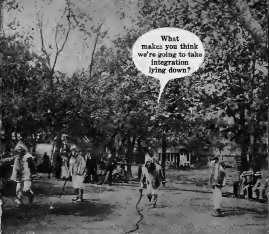
Later,  
you mad  
fool!



Now c'mon Ed, Jack did  
say dibeies on the presidency.



What  
makes you think  
we're going to take  
integration  
lying down?



I'd like to  
catch the guy  
who included  
Leopoldville  
on this tour.



Certainly, I'll  
come to dinner.  
Let's see... next  
Sunday, that's  
December 7th  
isn't it?



# DOPGATCH REVISITED

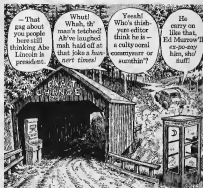
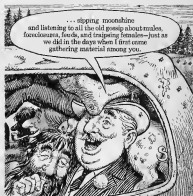
BY Ed Fisher and Will Elder

## SOCIETY NOTES KLINE BISSELL, AUTHOR TO VISIT OZARK KIN.

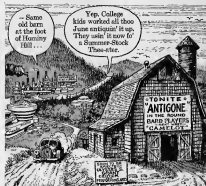
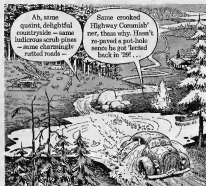
DOPGATCH, March 15. — The Bissell clan, heretofore, its members, including a visit to famous New York author Kline Bissell, creator of the famous "Huckleberry" character. Fresh from his Hollywood triumph and the sensational London opening of the musical-comedy version of his tales, Mr. Bissell will be entertained at the house of his cousins, Mr. & Mrs. Shene Bissell, where an old-fashioned covered dish dinner and a square dance has been arranged. The

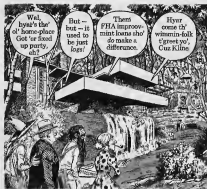
Der Bissell-Klan, bisher, seine Mitglieder, einschließlich eines Besuchs bei dem berühmten New Yorker Autor Kline Bissell, Schöpfer des berühmten "Huckleberry" Charakters. Nach seinem Hollywood-Erfolg und dem sensationellen London-Eröffnungserfolg der musikalischen Komödie basierend auf seinen Geschichten, wird Herr Bissell von seinen Cousins, Mr. & Mrs. Shene Bissell, in ihrer Wohnung bewirtet. Dort wird ein altmodisches gedecktes Tischessen und ein Quadrantanz veranstaltet.





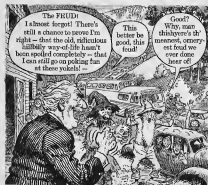
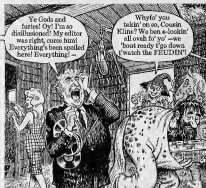


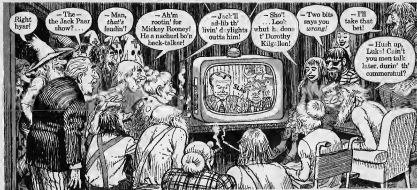












Right  
hyster!

— The —  
the Jack Paar  
show? ...

— Man,  
that's  
fendin'!

— Ah'm  
rootin' for  
Mickey Rooney!  
He a natchur! He'n  
back-talker!

— Jack'll  
ad-lib th'  
livin' daylight  
outta him!

— Sho!  
... Look:  
what h. does  
t' Dorothy  
Kilgallen!

— Two bits  
says you  
wrong!

— I'll  
take that  
bet!

— Hush up,  
Lukes! Cain't  
you men talk  
later, durin' th'  
commerstual?

EXCITING FASHION IDEA  
LA VIE PARISIENNE — 1900

— THE ANKLE WATCH — A daring proposal to place  
a time-piece in the buckle of Milady's shoe —



GETTING UP  
"O dear — noonline already."



THE COCKTAIL HOUR  
"Woopal I think it's time to leave."



#### THE QUICK LUNCH

"Time to catch my train — Now if I can, get the waiter's attention —"



#### THE SOCIAL CALL

"I'd love to continue our talk Mr. Valentino but I keep looking at the time and —"



#### THE LADY DOCTOR

"Eighty beats per minute — you certainly have a fever."



#### WINDING THE WATCH

"When my fireplace stops — everything stops."



RAMEN  
comic extraordinary  
as Mr. Mafi in

## OFFICE PARTY

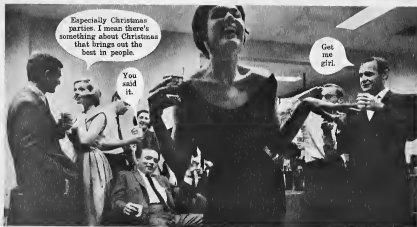
Attention!  
Attention  
everybody!

by Bernard Shir-Cliff  
photographed by Ron Harris

'Twas the night before  
Christmas and all through  
New York, yuletide office  
parties were in full, in-  
iquitous swing. Read on and  
you'll see what we mean.









Still, there's something about this party that doesn't remind me of Christmas.



I just can't put my finger on it.



Selma. Mr. Mafi would like to talk to you.

To me? How exciting! Oh— this is going to be just the best party ever!



Mr. Mafi must be a wonderful person. I'll bet he's terribly interesting once you get close to him.



Er... Yes... and Mr. Mafi does like to get close to his employees... likes to see them happy.











I like you  
kid. You like  
me?

Oh yes! You're  
very kind. Anyone  
could see  
that...

How'd  
you like  
to be my  
seketary?

Oh that would  
be exciting.



HAH!  
Atta sure  
thing!

But unfor-  
tunately I  
can't type.

So I  
type. You  
be my  
Friday  
girl.

You  
mean  
girl  
Friday.

I mean Friday girl.  
I already got a Monday  
girl, Tuesday girl...













END

# THE IMPATIENT MOMMY

Mike Thaler



1

Serpent, mommy.



2

Robot, mommy.



3

Whale, mommy.



4



5

Dragon, mommy



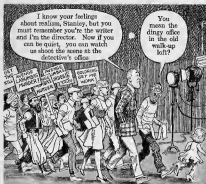
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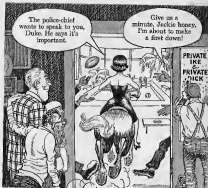
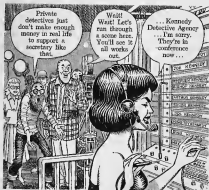
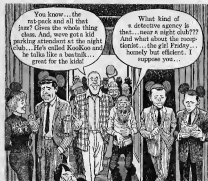
# 77 PENNSY STRIP

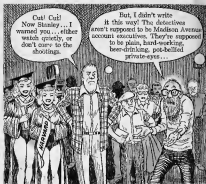
A short fantasy proving truth is indeed stranger than fiction . . . especially if you fake it.

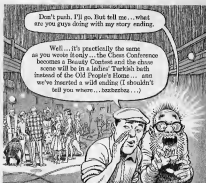
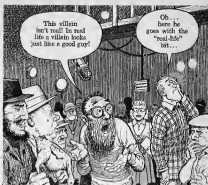


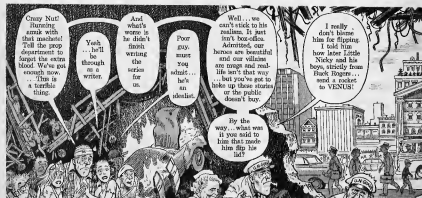
















# SHADOW-PLAY

Graham Wilson









Graham Wilson

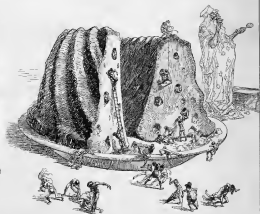
# Heinrich Kley



Heinrich Kley was one of the most remarkable pen and ink satirists working in Germany at the turn of the century. Recently we received from Europe an old collection, new to us, of Kley's drawings... the best of which we've selected and published here for your inspection.



*continued -*





# WOHLNUTS

By Jack Wohl

OKAY, LEROY,  
NOW EXHALE.



BUT HOW DO WE  
KNOW IF YOU'RE  
REALLY THE SHADOW?



CONGRATULATIONS, MILDRED  
IT'S LOVELY.



IT'S A NICE  
PLACE TO VISIT,  
BUT I WOULDN'T  
WANT TO LIVE HERE



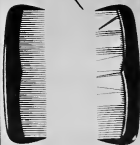
Y'KNOW MILDRED,  
I STILL HAVEN'T  
GOTTEN OVER THE  
CHRISTMAS PARTY.



HOLY COW  
MARVIN, WHY  
DIDN'T YOU  
TELL ME  
IT WAS  
A COSTUME  
PARTY?



TELL ME HOWARD,  
DO YOU KNOW  
A GOOD  
DENTIST?



IS IT ANY WONDER  
THERE'S SO MUCH  
UNEMPLOYMENT?



I KNOW THEY'RE  
HAPPY NOW,  
BUT IT WON'T  
LAST.



TELL ME HOWARD,  
DID YOU EVER THINK  
OF USING LANOLIN?



DON'T DENY IT  
LEROY.  
YOU KNOW YOU  
MARRIED ME FOR  
MY MONEY.



WATCH IT  
HERBIE.



I THINK....



IT'S A  
TRAP.



BUTTERFINGERS!!!



## TELEVISION TANGLE



Concerning T. V. film-fights if ever they were for real, it is a medical fact—



—this blow would probably cause fracture of the mandible



—and this could seriously strain the peritoneum—



—and this, lacerations to the labium...



—this, crushed cervicals... damage to the patellae





—disoriented diverticulum starting split in  
the portal vein or inferior vena cava—



—fractured tibia, fibia, radius, ulna, coccyx, pelvis—



—thoraco-lumbar displacement. Also subluxated acromion—



—zygomatico facial fracture—



elevated epigastrium tendon—  
—pneumothorax macuated... gastrocheumus...



—ruptured gluteus maximus... punctured  
saphenous vein... hiatus hernia—



—syncopated syncope—



—multiple contusions, neurogenic shock and ventricular fibrillation terminating in certain death. However, as it is on television—



—this is only the first round of the film fight. The worst is yet to come.



END

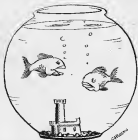




# help's public gallery



Frederick Tiger



OKAY—IF THERE IS NO GOD, WHO CHANGES THE WATER?

Seaford Chaparral



"AS LONG AS YOU'RE OVER THERE, WHY  
DON'T YOU POLISH THE CHROME?"

TALE RECORDED



STEVE SURETHING



ESTERLE



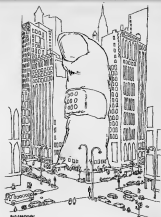
"Certainly. What kind of favor?"

Princeton Tiger



SKIP WILLIAMSON

Yale Record



"OF COURSE A LOT OF PEOPLE LIKE IT, BUT PERSONALLY I THINK IT STICKS OUT LIKE A SORE THUMB."

YALE RECORD



STEVE BARRYNE



"HE LIKES CHILDREN."

Orange Peel



Gaster



Glovsky





You can have one from  
Column A, or two from Column  
B, or two from Column  
A and . . .



Good lord,  
—it's a polling  
booth!



I don't know who it is.  
They all look alike to me.



Sorry,  
but when we  
say no smoking,  
we mean no  
smoking!



Is it  
"I" before "E"  
except after "C"  
or "E" be-  
fore "I"?

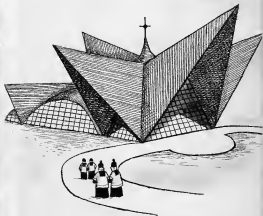


I've  
been  
drafted!

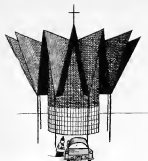


# Re-Formed Churches

By Bill Murphy



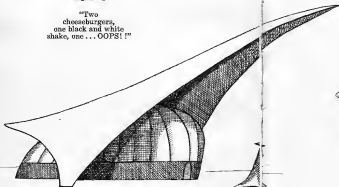
"I don't know what I'd do without the dear lads ...  
They're the only ones who know how to get in ..."



"Two  
cheeseburgers,  
one black and white  
shake, one ... OOPS! !"



"No, no, no ... The bottling plant is down the road! !"



"That reminds me, I have to get a new hat ..."



"Settle down man, settle down ... Now what's  
this about Martians landing! ! ?"



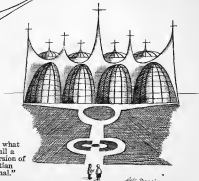
"I'm sorry children, but you'll just have to find a good sledding place elsewhere ..."



"This morning a little boy asked me when is it going to flap its wings and fly away ... ?"



"Based on Simon called Peter who was this fisherman swallowed by this white whale called Moby Dick ... Anyway ... It's all very symbolic."



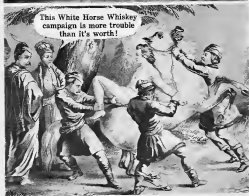
"Kind of what you'd call a modern version of a christian Taj Mahal."

*Artie Ramsey*





Mama,  
it's  
Lloyd Bridges!



This White Horse Whiskey  
campaign is more trouble  
than it's worth!



*Oh what, we ask, is beauty?*

*(Of beauty we're all fond)*

*At one time or another —*

*you've glimpsed a fleeting blonde...*



*— A slash of lip, a flash of hair,  
some subtle thing tightened on —  
You would see more, and yet before  
You've had enough, she's gone.*



*The gorgeous women come and go.*

*And yet to make come true*

*the winter wild, of mind, beguiled —*

*You almost never do.*



*But point's not won so we go on*

*with blonde and rondelet,*

*And sure enough — outside the store,  
she stands, then walks your way!*



*The thrill of love's a thrill that's warm,  
a trembling through and through.  
Oh heart be still! You have no will.  
She looking right at you!*



*With fixed eye and course, she moves;  
direct, erect and young,  
advancing with a swinging gait  
... a trifle over-mung.*



*Less interlude—things truer viewed.  
You swiftly take her in;  
'neath lowered lid, observe the legs  
... uncomfortably thin.*



*You both converge. Details emerge  
from make-up's subterfuge.  
You lift your gaze to tilted nose  
... uncomfortably huge.*



*These ill facts are but knowledge  
and knowledge is but truth.  
She ope's her mouth to ask the time—  
Yes... spaces twist each tooth.*



*And through the spaces, breathing stale—  
Red mouth! Blonde hair! Oh each  
Are faded, faded as you leave  
her fading voice (a screech).*



*This poorly perfumed country now  
first-handed, you explore,  
find wrinkles in abundance  
and blemishes galore.*

*So what, we say, is beauty  
depends on what's in sight.  
And who's a deer at fifty feet—  
close-up may be a fright.*

\*

P.S.

*If you would love the ladies,  
listen carefully to me  
Don't put them in a microscope.  
Don't strip their mystery.*

*True... by detailed observation,  
understanding oft' is won.  
Yet ignorance breeds mystery  
And a bell dam—right more fun!*

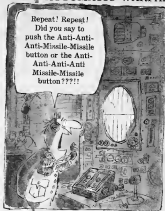
—H.K.





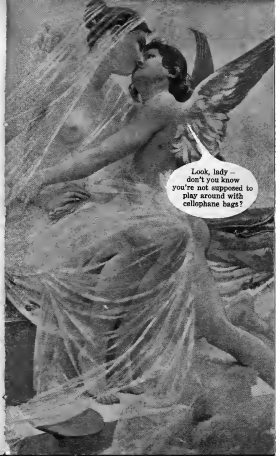
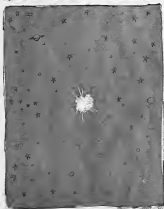


## NEARLY AUTOMATIC WARFARE



—continued

...or did he say ...



Look, lady —  
don't you know  
you're not supposed to  
play around with  
cellophane bags?

CIVIL WAR VIGNETTES by Jack Davis







Well how  
did I know they'd be  
working the North 40 today  
... And pull your  
suspenders up.



WE  
GOTTA  
GET  
ELLIOT  
NESS!



... and if I catch you  
going out without your  
dickie once more ...

Help! presents DICK VAN DYKE, mobile-faced star of Broadway musical "Bye-Bye Birdie", as sports-car-sport of

# BINKY and the STATUS-SINKER

by Bernard Shir-Cliff

With its sleek lines, virile performance and smooth handling, the sports car is just the thing to put you ahead of the pack—that pack of show-offs at the office we mean. What, then, will happen to friend Binky here. Is he forging ahead? Is he being lapped? Read on, read on.

Well Poo,  
my dear . . . how do  
you like it?

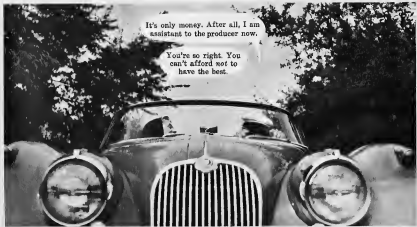
Oh Binky—  
it's fabulous!  
So expensive  
too.



Photographs by Ron Harris

It's only money. After all, I am  
assistant to the producer now.

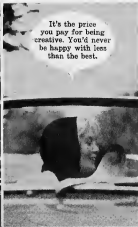
You're so right. You  
can't afford not to  
have the best.



It's the price of suc-  
cess. But I sometimes envy  
the working classes. I mean  
at their level—it doesn't mat-  
ter if you come to work  
on the bus . . .

It's the price  
you pay for being  
creative. You'd never  
be happy with less  
than the best.

You're right.  
You understand  
me.





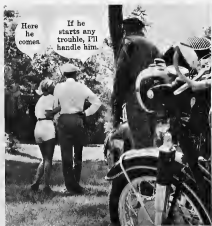






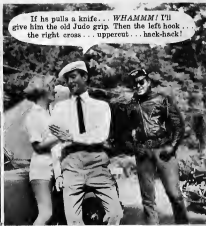






Here  
he  
comes.

If he  
starts any  
trouble, I'll  
handle him.



If he pulls a knife... *WHAMMM!* I'll  
give him the old Judo grip. Then the left hook...  
the right cross... uppercut... hack-hack!



Lah-teetee  
... tah  
toetah ...

I say ...



... what  
seems to be the  
trouble?

Tee-um  
de-dum ...

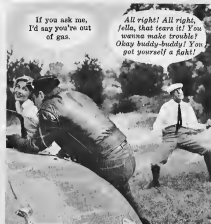


Perhaps I could help you. I had  
a car just like this on the Riviera.

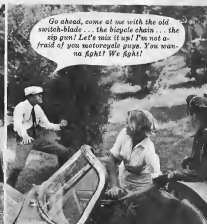
Phwee  
phwee



... remove the dashpot  
and lift out the piston ...



All right! All right,  
fella, that tears it! You  
wanne make trouble!  
Okay buddy-buddy! You  
got yourself a fight!



Go ahead, come at me with the old  
switch-blade . . . the bicycle chain . . . the  
zip gun! Let's mix it up! I'm not a-  
fraid of you motorcycle guys. You want  
a fight? We fight!







A black and white photograph of a man with a mustache, wearing a suit and tie, holding a young girl. The girl is eating from a bowl with a spoon. A speech bubble is positioned above the girl.

But a whole  
day of this? - You  
must realize, I'm not  
young as you Lolita...

A black and white photograph of a large, dark, textured sculpture of a person's head and shoulders. The sculpture is made of a rough, porous material and is set against a light background. A speech bubble is positioned above the sculpture.

This year  
we clean  
the pool!

A black and white photograph of a person working on a large, dark, textured sculpture. The person is standing next to the sculpture, which is made of a rough, porous material. A speech bubble is positioned above the person.

And then  
as an encore,  
I...

# Xmas Cards

BY

Ed  
Fisher

"Well — which one  
do we follow?"



"A  
group  
of Magi  
brought  
us these  
gifts last  
night.  
My wife  
wonders if  
we could  
exchange  
them."



**TENSE?  
NERVOUS?  
TIRED?**

**READ HELP!  
AND RELAX**

**see? you're feeling  
better already**



FAWCETT WORLD LIBRARY

It's been  
scanned  
by DRESS!

